And then it liu'd in ſweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieaſt,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me ſtay, befall what may befall.

Queene. Oh mightſt thou ſtay with ſafety of thy life,
Then ſhouldſt thou ſtay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

Suff. I goe.

Queene. And take my heart with thee.

She kiſſeth him.

Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulſt caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we,
This way fall I to death. *Exit Suffolke.*

Queene. This way for me. *Exit Queene.*

Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is diſcouered in his bed, raging and ſtaring as if he were mad.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'le giue thee as much gold as will purchaſe ſuch another Iſland.

King. Oh, ſee my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Chriſt muſt ſaue thy ſoule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the poyſon which the Pothicary ſent me.
Oh, ſee where Duke *Humfries* ghoſt doth ſtand,
And ſtares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou dieſt aſſured of heauenly bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand and make ſome ſigne to vs. *Car. dies.*
Oh ſee he dyes, and makes no ſigne at all,
Oh God forgiue his ſoule.

Sal. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, ſo was his life in all.

King